SOme few yeares since, I rode to my Lords Mannour of Haleing *in* Surrey, *where I presented his Lordship with a Manuscript, or written Booke of the names and degrees of all the Knights of the Noble Order of the Garter, since the first institution by King* Edward *the third, which was of mine owne collections out of* Windsor *Castle, and some authentique Histories: His Lordship receiued it gratefully, and rewarded me honourably: in the which Booke was an Anagram of his Name and Earledome of* Nottingham, *which I hold very fitting to bee hereunder Printed, because it fals correspondent to the reuerence of his age, and the happinesse which the words import.*

Charles Howarde, Earle of Nottinghame.

Anagramma.

O Heauen cals, and hath true Glorie for me.

And happie was this
happy Anagram,
Heauen cals Charles Howard
Earle of Nottingham:
And he obeyd the call,
and gaind *true Glory*,
For change of earthly
titles transitory.

FOR

THE SACRED MEMORIALL OF THE GREAT, NOBLE, and ancient Example of Vertue and Honour,

The Illustrious and Welbeloued LORD,

CHARLES HOWARD

Earle of Nottingham, Iustice in Eyre of all his Maiesties Forests, Parks, and Chases on this side *Trent*; Knight of the Honourable Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of his Maiesties most Honourable Priuy Councell.

WHO DEPARTED THIS Life at his Mannour of *Haleing* in *Surrey* on Thursday the 14 of December, 1624. and was buried at *Rigate*, amongst his Honourable Ancestors, the 20 of December last.

1624.

Printed at London for H. G.

1625.

FOR

THE SACRED MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT, NOBLE, and ancient Example of Vertue and Honour,

The Illustrious and Welbeloved LORD, CHARLES HOWARD

Earle of Nottingham, Iustice in Eyre of all his Manifies Forrests, Parks, and Chases on this side Trent; Knight of the Honourable Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of his Maiesties most honourable Privy Councell.

WHO DEPARTED THIS Life at his Mannour of Halsing in Surrey on Thursday the 14 of December, 1624. and was buried at Reigate, amongst his Honourable Ancestors, the 20 of December last, 1624.

Printed at London for H. G.
1625.

TO THE RIGHT HONOV-

rable, Right Worshipfull, of both Sexes, who had either Alliance by Mariage, Consanguinity by Birth, or bore loue to the Right Noble and truly vertuous deceased.

I Humbly craue your Worthinesse t'excuse
This boldnesse of my poore vnlearned Muse,
That hath presum'd so high a pitch to flye,
In praise of Vertue and Nobility.
I know this taske most fit for Learned men,
For Homer, Ovid, *or for* Virgils *pen:*
But for I wish'd him haue, both serv'd and sail'd,
My gratefull duty hath so far preuail'd,
Boldly to write true Honours late decease,
Whiles better Muses please to hold their peace.
And thus much to the world my Verse proclaimes,
That neither Gaine nor Flattery are my aimes,

But Loue and Dutie to the Noble dead,
Hath caus'd me cause these Lines be published.
And therefore I entreat your gen'rous Hearts,
T'accept my duty, pardon my deserts,
Beare with my weakenesse, winke at my defects,
Good purposes doe merit good effects,
Poore earthen Vessels may hold precious Wine,
And I presume that in this Book of mine
In many places you shall something find,
To please each Noble well affected mind.
And for excuse my Muse doth humbly plead,
That you'le forbeare to iudge before you reade.

He that is euer a true well-wisher, and ob-
sequious Seruant to your Honours,
Worships, and Noble Personages,

John Taylor.

For the ſacred Memoriall of the *Great, Noble, and Ancient Example* of Vertue and Honour, the Illuſtrious and *welbeloued Lord*, Charles Howard, *Earle of* Nottingham, Iuſtice in Eyre of all his Maieſties *Foreſts, Parks, and Chaſes on this ſide Trent*; *Knight* of the Honourable Order of the Garter, and one of the Lords of his Maieſties moſt Honourable Priuy Councell, &c.

WHat *Engliſh Muſe* forbeares to ſhed a teare
For Englands *Neſtor*, graueſt oldeſt Peere?
Not onely old in number of his dayes,
But old in vertue, and all good mens praiſe:
Whoſe actions all his pilgrimage did paſſe,
More full of honour then his title was.
And though his *corps* be ſeuer'd from his *ſpirit*,
And that the world ſufficient knowes his merit:
Yet ſhall my poore vnworthy artleſſe Verſe
In duteous ſeruice wait vpon his Hearſe.
My ſelfe his Honour on the Seas attended,
And with his bounty haue I beene befriended,
And to acquite me from vnthankfulneſſe,
My lines ſhall here my gratitude expreſſe.
No monumentall Marble reard on hie,
He needs t'emblaze him to poſterity,
No flattering Epitaph he needs to haue,
To be engrau'd vpon a gaudy graue,
His life and actions are his Monument,
Which fils each Kingdome, Clime, and Continent.

And when their memories ſhall ſtinke and dye,
Who in moſt ſtately ſepulchers doe lye,
Then Royall Hiſtories ſhall ſtill relate
To each degree, or age, or ſex, or ſtate,
The vertue, valour, bounty, and the fame
Of *Englands* all-beloued *Nottinghame:*
And Noble hearts his memory ſhall retaine
Vntill the World to *Chaos* turne againe.
That yeere of wonderment call'd *eighty eight,*
When Fraud and Force did our deſtruction wait,
When Hell, and Rome, and Spaine did all agree,
That wee ſhould vanquiſh'd and inuaded be.
Our foes at Sea thirty one thouſand men,
With neere foure hundred ſhips and Gallies then,
Then this *White Lion* rows'd with irefull teene,
Defending both his Country and his Queene.
Like ſecond *Mars* to battle braue he went,
God making him his worthy Inſtrument,
His Chiefetaine, Champion, and his Generall,
With ſixſcore ſhips, and Veſſels great and ſmall,
To conquer thoſe that did for conqueſt come,
And foile the power of *Hell*, and *Spaine*, and *Rome*.
Then valour was with reſolution mixt,
And manhood with true *honour* firmly fixt,
When death and danger threatned euery where,
Braue *Charles* (all fearleſſe) did encourage feare.
When roring cannons countercheckt heauens thun-
And ſlaughterd mē their veſſels keeles lay vnder, (der
The Sun eclyps'd with ſmoake, skies darke and dim,
And battering bullets ſeuerd lim from lim,
When as that ſea might be the *Red Sea* call'd,
Then he with dreadleſſe courage, vnappall'd,
Like a bright Beacon, or a blazing Star,
Approu'd himſelfe a thunderbolt of war,

Whoſe

Whoſe valour and example valiantly
Purſu'd and wonne a glorious victory.
And then by him (through the Almighties hand)
Preſerued from inuaſion was this Land.
So that who euer ſhall his Tombe paſſe by,
And ſhall enquire who there doth buried lye,
If anſwer be but made, He's in this Graue
Who did in *Eighty eight* this Kingdome ſaue;
Then is the totall told, and ſeruice beſt,
Wherewith this little Land was euer bleſt.
At * *Cales* likewiſe the Sea-fight we did win *1596
By his direction and graue diſciplin.
The Spaniſh ſhips ſoone from his force retir'd,
Some torne, ſome ſunke, ſome taken, and ſome fir'd,
And whenſoere he gaue the ouerthrow,
He nere inſulted ore his conquerd foe,
But like a Noble *Lyon*, euery way
He ſcorn'd to prey vpon a yeelding prey:
With pity, piety, and true remorce,
His clemency was mixt with manly force.
Vnto his foes a noble care he had,
Nor would affliction to affliction adde:
So that his enemies much cauſe did find
To loue and honour his true noble mind.
Yet gainſt offenders he was ſharply bent,
Seuere in threats, and milde in puniſhment.
His iuſtice would condemne, and in a breath
His mercy ſau'd whom iuſtice doom'd to death.
His aduerſaries he did oft relieue,
And his reuenge was onely to forgiue.
He knew that well got *honour* nere ſhall die,
But make men liue vnto eternitie:
It as his greateſt riches he eſteem'd,
And *Infamy* he baſeſt begg'ry deem'd.

He knew, though worthy ſpirits may be croſt,
Yet if they loſe no *honour* nothing's loſt.
And thoſe that haue afraid of *enuy* bin,
True *honour* or good fame did neuer win.
If he an auaritious mind had bore,
Of wealth no ſubiect then had had ſuch ſtore:
So many yeares *Englands high Admirall*,
Fees, offices, and prizes that did fall,
With gifts and fauours from the Queene and State,
And other things, amounting to a rate:
That had he beene a mizer, cloſe of hand,
No ſubiect had been richer in this Land,
In deeds of pity, and true charity,
Good houſe-keeping, and hoſpitality,
Bounty, and courteous affability,
He was the Brooch of true Nobility:
And for theſe vertues men ſhall ſcarcely find,
That he a fellow here hath leſt behind.
He knew that Auarice and Honor be
Two contraries that neuer will agree:
And that the Spender ſhall haue true renowne,
When infamy the Mizers fame ſhall drowne.
He euery way moſt nobly was enclin'd,
And lou'd no wealth but riches of the mind:
His pleaſure was, that thoſe that did retaine
To him, and ſerue, ſhould by him thriue and gaine:
And he thought t'was enough for him to haue,
When as his ſeruants did both get and ſaue.
So amongſt *Nobles* I thinke few are ſuch,
That keepes ſo little, giues away ſo much.
His lateſt *Will* did make it plaine appeare,
The loue which to his ſeruants he did beare.
To great and ſmall amongſt them, more or leſſe,
His bounty did expreſſe his worthineſſe:

To

We know that God to man hath life but lent,
And plac'd it in his bodies tenement,
And when for it againe the Landlord cals,
The Tenant muſt depart, the Cottage fals.
God is moſt iuſt, and he will haue it knowne,
That he in taking life, takes but his owne:
Life is a debt which muſt to God be rendred,
And Natures retribution muſt be tendred.
Some pay in youth, and ſome in age doe pay,
But tis a charge that all men muſt defray,
For tis the lot of all mortality,
When they begin to liue, begin to dye.
And as from ſin to ſin we wander in,
So death at laſt is wages for our ſin.
He neither hath reſpect to ſex or yeares,
Or hath compaſſion of our ſighes nor teares,
He'll enter (ſpight of bars, or bolts, or locks)
And like a bold intruder neuer knockes.
To Kings and Caitiffes, rich, poore, great and ſmall,
Death playes the tyrant, and deſtroyes them all.
He calls all creatures to account moſt ſtrict,
And no mans power his force can contradict.
We muſt perforce be pleas'd with what he leaues vs,
And not repine at ought which he bereaues vs,
Hee's lawleſſe, and tis folly to demand
Amends, or reſtitution at his hand.
He doth deride the griefe of thoſe that mourne,
And all our fraile afflictions laugh to ſcorne.
For hee condemnes, and neuer heares the cauſe,
He takes away deſpight the power of Lawes.
Yet hee our vaſſall euer doth remaine,
From our firſt birth vnto our graue againe:
And God doth in his ſeruice him employ,
To be the bad mans terrour, good mans ioy.

Death is the narrow doore to life eternall,
Or elſe the broad gate vnto death infernall:
But our Redeemer in his ſpotleſſe offering,
Did lead the way for vs to Heauen by ſuffering.
He was the *death* of *death*, when he did die
Then *Death was ſwallow'd vp in victory*,
And by his riſing bleſſed ſoules ſhall riſe,
And dwell in the celeſtiall *Paradiſe*.
For theſe reſpects, you whoſe affinity,
Propinquity, or conſanguinity,
Whoſe blood or whoſe alliance challenge can
A part in this deceaſed Nobleman,
The law of Nature and affection moues,
That griefe and ſorrow ſhould expreſſe your loues,
He was your ſecondary maker, and
Your authors earthly being, and you ſtand
In duty for your lines and honours bound
To *him*, for by him haue you beene renown'd.
Yet *Death* that's common vnto euery one,
Should be intolerable vnto none:
And therefore let his noble ſpirit reſt,
Amidſt thoſe ioyes which cannot be expreſt,
Let thoſe that liue his goodneſſe imitate,
And yeeld vnto the courſe of mortall fate.

FINIS.